VENOM®

THE HUNTED

MARVEL® COMICS

SPIDER-MAN™

JUN. '96 2

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

CONFUSED COPS!

ATTACK CHOPPERS!

FEMALE SYMBIOTES!

SKATEBOARDERS!

CARNIVOROUS ALIENS!

FACE IT, THIS ONE HAS IT ALL!

AFTER J.R.

I HAVE A POSITIVE VISUAL I.D. ON THE TARGET!

IF THAT ISN'T *VENOM*, MY AUNT TILDY CHEWS TOBACCO IN CHURCH!

DO WE HAVE TO CALL IN FOR A FIRING ORDER FROM H.Q.?

NEGATIVE.

THAT LONG-TOOTHED PSYCHO HAS GONE ON A BRAIN-EATING SPREE, CHOMPING THE HEADS OFF INNOCENT CITIZENS!

THE COMMISH HAS DECLARED *VENOM'S* FACE A FREE FIRE ZONE!

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RATATATATATATATAT

HOLD YOUR FIRE! THIS IS ALTOGETHER EXCESSIVE IN THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE DEPARTMENT!

AS LONG AS HE STAYS IN MANHATTAN, THERE'S NO CHANCE OF OUR GETTING A CLEAR FIELD OF FIRE--

--BUT THERE'S ALSO LITTLE CHANCE OF HIM ELUDING THREE HELICOPTERS IN SEARCH MODE! WE'LL TRACK HIM AND SIC THE PATROL UNITS ON HIM!

EEEYYOW! WHAT IS THIS--

--OPEN SEASON ON SYMBIOTES!

The STALKING

LARRY HAMA	DUNCAN ROULEAU	JOHN STANGELAND
WRITER	PENCILER	INKER

KEN LOPEZ	TOM SMITH	TOM BREVOORT	BOB HARRAS
LETTERER	COLORIST	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF

WE CAN SURMISE THEIR INTENTIONS FROM THEIR FIRE-POWER RESTRAINT.

THEY *THINK* THEY'RE GOING TO *HERD* US TOWARDS AN ENFILADE OF LOCAL GENDARMERIE!

HA! THEY HAVE ANOTHER THINK COMING!

ACROSS TOWN...

CLARK! THE HELICOPTERS HAVE GOT VENOM CONCERNED!

LET'S GO, STEEN-- NOT MUCH WE CAN DO FOR THE LATE MS. ZEENA HODGES!

AND OUTSIDE...

IS THAT YOUR APARTMENT, DONNA? IT LOOKS LIKE A P&A CONVENTION IN YOUR LIVING ROOM!

POLICE LINE

DO NOT CR

DON'T STARE, GEORGE...

WE'RE JUST GOING TO DRIVE BY LIKE WE'RE ON OUR WAY SOMEWHERE ELSE!

POLICE LINE DO NOT

YOU SAID YOU HAD A PLAN, DONNA! YOU SAID WE COULD HAVE SAFETY IN NUMBERS!

NOT A LOT OF COMPASSION IN YOUR HEART FOR ZEENA, GEORGE? SHE'S PROBABLY LYING ON MY IKEA COUCH WITH THE TOP OF HER HEAD PEELED BACK LIKE AN ALPO CAN!

MAYBE I'LL FEEL SORRY FOR HER AFTER WE MAKE SURE *HE* ISN'T GOING TO MAKE HORS D'OEUVRES OUT OF *OUR* BRAINS!

THESE GUYS ARE GOOD!

WE'LL HAVE TO PULL OUT ALL THE STOPS TO ELUDE THEM!

I'M BORED, BINKY--WANNA GO VERT OR DO SOME RAILS?

YEAH, ROCKY--LET'S GET--

YO! CLOCK *THAT* ACTION!

IT'S THAT *VENOM* DUDE!

ANYBODY DOWN TO PLAY *CHICKEN*?

STAY ON HIM! HE'S PICKING UP THE PACE--

--WHA--?? WHERE DID THESE SKATE-BOARDING KIDS COME FROM?

CLOCK THIS, ROCKY--

--I'M STORMIN'!!

BACK OFF! WE CAN'T RISK GETTING TOO CLOSE OR TAKING ANOTHER SHOT WHILE THOSE KIDS ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM!

WATCH THOSE OLLIES, BINKY! YOU'LL BE SCRAPIN' ASPHALT WITH YOUR FACE!

NO WAY! I'M DAZZLIN' THE CROWD TODAY!

YOU KIDS HAD BETTER STAY CLEAR OF US--!!

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE A MOVING TARGET?

THIS IS CHOPPER TWO. WE ARE ABOVE YOU AND HAVE VENOM IN SIGHT! MAKE A RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORNER AND YOU'LL INTERSECT HIS LINE OF TRAVEL AT SEVENTH AVENUE!

ROGER THAT, CHOPPER TWO. THIS IS MOBILE ONE, OUT!

YOU HEAR THAT, CLARK? WE'RE GONNA CATCH HIM!

IF WE SURVIVE YOUR DRIVING!

A LONG TIME AGO, IN DRIVEWAYS, PARKING LOTS AND PLAYGROUNDS--

--BUT NEVER IN TRAFFIC.

WE MEAN IT, KID.

THIS IS DANGEROUS!

THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT, DUDE!

DIDN'T YOU EVER SKATE?

CAN'T GET EDGE WITHOUT ROLLIN' OFF THE LEDGE, DUDE!

THERE'S NO EDGE AT ALL WHEN YOU'RE *DEAD*, KID!

HOW DO *YOU* KNOW? YOU *BEEN* THERE?

SKREEEEEEE

LOOKOUT-FORTHE-TRUCK!!!

ARRRRRGH!

HOLY--

I'VE BEEN *CLOSE*, BUT *NOT* AS CLOSE AS *YOU'RE* GETTING!

SKREEEEEEEE

URK!!

SLIDE OUT!! DO A KICK-BACK AND GRAB SKY!!

DON'T FREEZE ON THE STICK, KID!!

AWW--

--GO FOR IT!

POOMP

HE'S OUT OF IT--

NOW LET'S SEE IF OLD EDDIE BROCK CAN REMEMBER HOW TO SURF MACADAM!

AND JUST SO I LOOK THE PART...!

UH-OH--I'M BUSTED!

FREEZE, KID!! DON'T MOVE!!

SKREEEEEE

WHERE DID HE GO??

WHO?

DON'T GET WISE, PUNK! YOU KNOW WHO-- VENOM!!

HE, LIKE, SPLIT, MAN.

HE GOT AWAY--?

WE HAD HIM CORNERED AND HE GOT AWAY?!

AREN'T YOU KIND OF OLD TO BE SKATE-BOARDING?

YOU DISSIN' ON MY SIZE PROBLEM, OSSIFER? YOU ARE RAININ' ON MY SELF-ESTEEM--

HEY! GIMME BACK MY BOARD!

TOTALLY BLOW-AWAY! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE, DUDE?

WHO IS THIS BIG DWEEB? HOW COME HE'S GOT BINKY'S SET-UP?

WHO CARES! DID YOU CLOCK HIS MOVES?

NICE GUY

UH... EDDIE. RAD EDDIE.

I'LL BET MY FAT JOE TAPES THAT RAD EDDIE CAN SNAG TOP PRIZE IN THE AMATEUR OPEN THIS AFTERNOON! 500 BUCKS!

WHAT'S AN OPEN?

AT DONNA'S APARTMENT...

SNIK

ALL CLEAR, GEORGE!

YOU SURE ALL THE COPS HAVE CLEARED OUT, DONNA?

YOU THINK THIS CITY HAS THE BUDGET TO KEEP GUARDS AT EVERY MURDER SCENE? GET REAL!

BESIDES, THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA LET MY PERSONAL THINGS END UP IN A POLICE PROPERTY ROOM!

THIS IS NUTS!

THAT MONSTER COULD BE HERE!

IT'S KILLED ALL THE OTHERS!

WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!!

SHUT UP!!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

I'VE CO-EXISTED WITH MY ALIEN SYMBIOTE A LOT LONGER THAN YOU HAVE!!

YOU THINK YOU'RE *SPECIAL* HUH--?

JUST BECAUSE YOU *VOLUNTEERED* TO BECOME LIKE THIS??*

LET'S NOT BRING THE *LIFE FOUNDATION* INTO THIS!

YOU AND ZEENA WERE *FUGITIVES*--SURVIVORS--LAYING LOW AND HIDING OUT AFTER THE *SYMBIOTE INVASION.*** YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE ABOUT HOW TO FIT IN AND STAY UNDETECTED--

--UNTIL I SOUGHT YOU OUT AND TRIED TO KEEP YOU ALL OUT OF *TROUBLE!*

...BUT YOU COULDN'T STOP THAT THING FROM KILLING ZEENA AND THE OTHERS, COULD YOU?

OH, YOU KEPT US OUT OF *TROUBLE*, ALL RIGHT...

GEORGE, YOU JUST CAN'T--

--WAITA-MINUTE!

THAT UGLY PIECE OF FURNITURE ISN'T MINE!

OMIGOD! IT'S--IT'S--

* BACK IN THE LETHAL PROTECTOR L.S.!--TOM

** IN PLANET OF THE SYMBIOTES IN THE 1995 SPIDER-MAN ANNUALS!--TOM

IT IS A THING THAT HUNGERS FOR SYMBIOTE MEAT.

ASSUMING THE APPEARANCE OF A HARMLESS OBJECT, IT HAS LAIN DORMANT, PATIENTLY AWAITING THE RETURN OF ITS PREY.

THE PREY RESISTS.

THE PREY ALWAYS RESISTS...

...BUT TO NO AVAIL.

IT IS A XENOPHAGE, A DEVOURER OF SYMBIOTES, AND IT HAS TRAVELED ACROSS A GALAXY IN SEARCH OF ITS FAVORED FOODSTUFF.

NO MERE BRUTISH PREDATOR, BUT A CUNNING, PLANNING, TOOL-MAKING, SENTIENT BEING WITH PARTICULAR TASTES AND A HEARTY APPETITE.

IT THINKS NO MORE OF ITS VICTIMS THAN A PARISIAN DOES OF A PLUMP ESCARGOT.

IN FACT, IT CONSIDERS ITSELF SOMEWHAT OF A GOURMET.

IT HAS DECIDED TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF ITS HUNGER BY DINING ON THE MALE.

ALAS, IT IS ONLY RECENTLY MELDED, AND THE FLAVOR IS RATHER BLAND.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT IS ASSUAGED BY THE MOUTH-WATERING PROMISE OF THE LONG-MELDED SYMBIOTE KNOWN AS VENOM!

IT IMAGINES THE SUBLIME TANG AND THE INTRICATE AFTERTASTES.

PERHARS IT SHALL. SAVE THE FEMALE FOR DESSERT.

THAT EVENING, AT A PIER ON THE HUDSON RIVER...

--HERE COMES *RAD EDDIE* ON HIS RUN FOR THE FINAL!

NICE FAT NOSEBONES AND OLLIES--WHOA, CLOCK THE FRONTSIDE GRABS AND THE BACK-SIDE SMITH GRIND!

HE FINISHES WITH A HIGH SHIFTY AND A 180 OVER THE HIP!! HE'S GOT THE PURSE IN THE *BAG!*

WITH MY *SYMBIOTE*, I CAN DO ALL THE STUNTS I ONLY *DREAMED* ABOUT WHEN I WAS A KID!

IT DOESN'T SEEM HARDLY *FAIR* TO THE OTHER SKATERS, BUT WE COULD SURE USE THE *MONEY!*

LATER...

YOU WERE *STORMIN'*, RAD EDDIE! YOU COPPED THE FIVE CEES, THE BRAND-NEW CAPITAL SET-UP, THE RAGIN' BLUNT PARKA AND THE D.C. KICKS!

AW, IT WAS--

HEY *YOU!* FRANKENSTEIN ON WHEELS--

BINKY!

THAT'S RIGHT! TOOK ME ALL THIS TIME TO HITCH BACK FROM *NEW JERSEY* WHERE THAT TRUCK ENDED UP!

I WANT MY CUSTOM SET-UP BACK OR I'M GOING TO POP A SIX-PACK OF BUTT-KICK ON YOU!

NO SWEAT, BINKY. I'M NO THIEF.

HERE'S YOUR BOARD--I GOT MYSELF A NEW STICK AS PART OF THE PRIZE.

STICK? NOBODY CALLS A SET-UP A STICK ANYMORE:--

WELL, WHERE I COME FROM, THAT'S DE RIGUEUR...

I FIGURE I OWE YOU *RENTAL* ON YOUR--*SET-UP*.

WILL A HUNDRED SUFFICE?

IT'LL DO!

HEY, YOU GOT A *CREW*?

WANNA ROLL WITH *US*?

I'M DOWN.

DON'T BE ROLLING OFF JUST *YET*, RAD EDDIE!

WE DON'T THINK YOU TOLD US THE *WHOLE TRUTH* THIS AFTERNOON!

WE DID A CANVASS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND TURNED UP TWO WITNESSES WHO SAY THEY SAW *VENOM* ON TOP OF THE TRUCK ONE SECOND--

--AND THE NEXT SECOND, *YOU* WERE SKATING OUT FROM BEHIND THE TRUCK!

YOU *MUST* HAVE SEEN SOMETHING!

HEY, ROCKY, WHAT DOES YOUR OLD MAN DO FOR A LIVIN'?

NOTHIN'! HE'S A *COP!*

HONEST?

NAAAA! JUST LIKE THE *REST* O' THEM!

GOTTA TAKE IT LIGHT! WE DON'T WANT TO BLOW THIS COOL NEW COVER!

A DEEP THINKER, HUH?

YOUR BUDDIES HAVE BUGGED OUT ON YOU, BIG FELLA--

MAYBE YOU OUGHTA COME CLEAN.

NICE

CLARK! THE FORENSICS TEAM WENT BACK TO THE LAST CRIME SCENE AND TURNED UP A *FRESH* BODY!!

SADDLE UP!

I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THIS KID--

HAUL HIM ALONG FOR THE RIDE!

SHORTLY...

SORTA LIKE JACKSON POLLOCK WENT APE WITH ALIZARINE CRIMSON...

COME AGAIN?

FORGET IT.

THIS GUY GOT HIS HEAD CHEWED OFF CLEAR DOWN TO HIS EYEBROWS.

THIS IS THE *LIMIT!* I'M CALLING IN MY *MARKERS*--

PATCH ME THROUGH TO THE *MAYOR!* TELL HIM I WANT PERMISSION TO RUN *OPERATION DECIBEL!*

HOW DO WE SNEAK AWAY WITH ALL THESE *COPS* AROUND--?

HOW CAN I BE *INCONSPICUOUS?*

THE ANSWER IS *OBVIOUS...*

...BLEND IN WITH THE MOST NUMEROUS ELEMENT!

TOW AWAY ZONE

CATS

Pepsi

COKE

POLICE LINE DO NOT CR

MR. MAYOR? THIS IS DETECTIVE STEEN WITH THE SPECIAL VENOM TASK FORCE--

--I WANT TO TAKE THE *OPERATION DECIBEL* OPTION.

RIGHT NOW, SIR.

THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR!

AWOOOO

BONG BONG BONG

BNEEEE

AWOOOO

BONG BONG

BNEEEEE

CLANG

EEEEYOW!! INTENSE SOUND--!!

--I-- CAN'T-- TAKE-- IT!!

AWOOOO

AH

BONG BONG

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BUDDY?

OF COURSE I'M NOT ALL RIGHT, YOU IDIOT!!

WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

EEEYAAAA!

OOOOOOO

AW

WE HAVE AN *UNTENABLE SITUATION* HERE, DETECTIVE STEEN!

VENOM IS DEFINITELY *WEAKENED* BY THE *SOUND*, BUT HE'S STILL WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A *HANDFUL!!*

WRAP HIM UP IN *CHAINS* AND A *STRAIT-JACKET* AND WE'LL HAVE DR. KAFKA COME RIGHT DOWN AND HAUL HIM OFF TO *RAVENCROFT!*

OH, DON'T BOTHER TO *WRAP* HIM...

... I'LL EAT HIM RIGHT HERE!

NEXT: THE HUNTER BECOMES THE HUNTED!

FIVE SENTIENT BEINGS SCREAM IN ULTIMATE AGONY.

ONE IS A HUMAN NAMED SCOTT WASHINGTON-- THE OTHER FOUR ARE ALIENS THAT LIVE IN SYMBIOSIS WITH EACH OTHER, AND WITH HIM.

SOMEONE--THEY DON'T KNOW WHO-- IS TRYING TO FORCIBLY TEAR THEM FROM EACH OTHER.

AND IF THAT HAPPENS, ALL FIVE OF THIS HYBRID'S INDIVIDUAL COMPONENTS WILL DIE!

JURY-RIGGED JUSTICE, PART TWO: BAD MEMORY

EVAN SKOLNICK-WRITER
MARK McKENNA-INKER
TOM SMITH-COLORIST
TOM BREVOORT-EDITOR

JIM CALIFIORE-PENCILER
JIM NOVAK-LETTERER
MALIBU-SEPARATOR
BOB HARRAS-CHIEF

THE PEOPLE WHO CAPTURED THE HYBRID LIKE TO CALL THEMSELVES THE JURY.

THEY'RE OUT TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE...WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT.

THEY'VE PATTERNED THEIR SYSTEM OF "JUSTICE" AFTER THE UNITED STATES' OWN CRIMINAL COURTS SYSTEM.

OBVIOUSLY, THEY'RE A LITTLE MORE EXTREME THAN THAT.

BUT EVEN THEY HAVE *RULES*, AND *ONE* OF THOSE *RULES* IS...

SCREEAAAM

--WE *DON'T* KILL THE *SUSPECT* BEFORE THE *TRIAL* BEGINS, MS. LENTZ!

THAT'S *NOT* WHAT WE'RE *ABOUT!*

YOU ISSUE THE *WARRANTS* AND *WE* SERVE 'EM, BUT I'M *NOT* GONNA SIT BY WHILE YOU--

I'LL SAY IT *AGAIN*, JUROR, JUST SO IT'S PERFECTLY *CLEAR*...

...*YOUR* RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS CASE IS NOW *FINISHED.*

AS LEAD *PROSECUTOR*, THE *ARRAIGNMENT* AND EVERYTHING BEYOND IT IS *MY* TERRITORY--

BUT NOT YOURS *ALONE*, OLIVIA!

THERE'S THE LITTLE PROBLEM OF THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY, NAMELY, ME...

...AND OUR JUDGE, "THE GAVEL"...

...OH, AND LEST WE FORGET, MADAM PROSECUTOR... THE SUSPECT'S CIVIL RIGHTS.

=SIGH=

MAXWELL, NO OFFENSE, BUT I KNOW YOU JUST GOT IN FROM THE WEST COAST...

...AND I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO EVEN GO OVER THIS CASE YET... SO PLEASE, JUST SAVE IT FOR THE JUDGE.

I'M TRYING THE HUMAN GANG MEMBER AND THE ALIEN SYMBIOTES INDIVIDUALLY, SO THEY MUST BE SEPARATED BEFORE WE CAN PROCEED WITH THE ARRAIGNMENT--

NOT IF IT MEANS KILLING THEM, COUNSEL!

THAT'S EXACTLY THE KIND OF VINDICTIVE JUSTICE MY FATHER, ORWELL TAYLOR, PRACTICED!

WHY DO YOU THINK WE'VE MODELED OUR SYSTEM AFTER THE LEGAL SYSTEM?

TO KEEP US FROM FALLING INTO THE TRAP OF BLIND VENGEANCE--

I'M NOT KILLING THEM, COUNSEL... THE SEPARATION PROCESS IS!

IT'S THEIR DECISION TO JOIN TOGETHER THAT'S KILLING THEM!

NOT YET, IT ISN'T.

I'VE READ YOUR WARRANT, MS. LENTZ, AND IT'S UNCONSCIONABLY VAGUE.

YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SPECIFIC CHARGES FILED YET, AND THE GAVEL AGREES WITH ME THAT AN ARRAIGNMENT IS PREMATURE AT THIS TIME.

=SIGH=

SHUT IT DOWN...

I KNOW YOU HAVE SOMETHING PERSONAL AGAINST ALL SYMBIOTES, OLIVIA.

BUT WE BOTH HAVE RESEARCH TO DO BEFORE YOU RISK THIS GUY'S LIFE PREPPING HIM FOR TRIAL.

FINE. BUT I STILL SAY IT'S A WASTE OF EFFORT.

WE KNOW WHAT SYMBIOTES ARE...WHAT THEY DO. A TRIAL FOR THEM IS JUST A TECHNICALITY.

SHUDDER

HEY! THE PRISONER'S FACE--!

YOU SEE THAT, RAMSHOT? IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?

HOLY $#*%, SENTRY, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT-- IT'S SCOTT WASHINGTON!

WHO'S THAT?

HE'S A GUARDSMAN, LIKE A LOT OF US JURORS USED TO BE.

OR AT LEAST HE WAS, WHEN HE SERVED UNDER ME, BACK IN THE VAULT. REMEMBER, RAMSHOT?

YEAH, BUT I HEARD HE GOT TRANSFERRED A FEW MONTHS BACK.

MAYBE HE WAS ASSIGNED TO GUARD THESE SYMBIOTES, AND THEY TOOK HIM OVER--

NO WAY. SCOTT WAS ONE OF THE BEST MEN I EVER HAD.

IF ANYTHING, I BET HE TOOK THEM OVER.

WELL, WELL, MS. LENTZ...

...LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE EVEN MORE HOMEWORK TO DO THAN WE THOUGHT, EH?

SEVERAL MINUTES EARLIER, IN A HOUSING PROJECT IN ONE OF BROOKLYN'S MOST DANGEROUS NEIGHBOR-HOODS...

YOU'RE DWIGHT, YES?

WE'RE THE NEW WARRIORS. I'M JUSTICE... MY TEAMMATES HERE ARE CALLED POWERHOUSE AND TURBO.

WHOA--!

YEAH, THAT'S ME, DWIGHT SIMMS.

I'D SHAKE YOUR HAND, BUT--

BUT YOU'RE CARRYING THE SYMBIOTE TENDRIL YOU WERE TELLING US ABOUT ON THE PHONE.*

*LAST ISSUE! --TOM

SORRY IT TOOK US SO LONG TO REPLY TO YOUR CALL, BUT THE MESSAGE HAD TO BE RE-ROUTED AND FORWARDED TO--

NO PROB, MAN...

...I JUST HOPE YOU SUPER-GUYS CAN HELP FIGURE OUT WHERE SCOTT IS, AND WHAT'S GOIN' ON.

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MOVING MUCH.

MUST'VE TAKEN IT FOREVER TO CRAWL HERE.

WELL, IT WAS MOVIN' FASTER BEFORE...

...BUT SCOTT TOLD ME THESE LITTLE CHUNKS CAN ONLY SURVIVE ON THEIR OWN FOR SO LONG.

YES, I REMEMBER HIM MENTIONING THAT, TOO.

WHEN HYBRID ATTACHES A SMALL TENDRIL TO SOMEONE, HE CAN USE IT LIKE SOME KIND OF EMPATHIC HOMING BEACON TO TRACK THE SUBJECT DOWN.

WELL, MAYBE IT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

YOU MEAN MAYBE IT CAN LEAD US TO HYBRID?

HMM... PERHAPS, BUT THIS THING IS TOO WEAK TO PHYSICALLY LEAD US TO HIM...

...AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHETHER IT CAN COMMUNICATE SUCH KNOWLEDGE WITH ANYONE EXCEPT--

YAAAAH!

SHUKK

DON'T PANIC, TURBO! I'LL TELE-KINETICALLY PRY IT OFF--

NO, WAIT!

IT'S...IT'S COMMUNI-CATING SOMETHING!

WHAT'S IT "SAYING" TO YOU?

NOT TO ME... TO MY ARMOR!

SIMPLE BINARY CODE, THE MOST EFFICIENT WAY POSSIBLE...

...TELEMPATHIC SIGNAL STRENGTH... LOCATION TRACER ...RELATIVE POSITION...

SHLUPP

...GOT IT!

YOU HAVE A LOCK ON HIS POSITION?

LOUD AND CLEAR, VANCE.

HE'S ALIVE...JUST BARELY.

THEN LET'S MOVE!

AW, MAAAAN...

...I WAS ACTUALLY HOPIN' THE LITTLE PILE A'POOP WOULD PULL THROUGH...

THE BRONX...

EQUITY, INC.
BETTER FURNITURE FOR BETTER LIVING

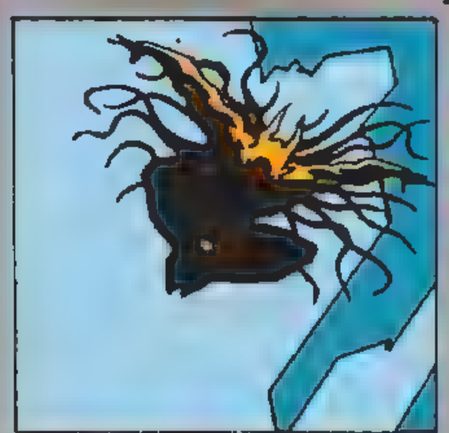
...HOME TO THE JURY'S NEW YORK "COURTHOUSE", FAR BENEATH THE MISLEADING FURNITURE WAREHOUSE FACADE...

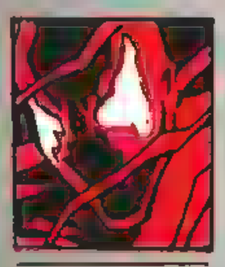
...AS LEAD PROSECUTOR OLIVIA LENTZ TAKES TIME TO READ THE FINE PRINT.

PENCILS DOWN, CLASS.

A VAMPIRE IN BROOKLYN?

Mysterious Creature Continues to Haunt Bedford-Stuyvesant.





school. I didn't even go to school and they pinned it up in the school because I did a lot of detailed stuff. I did window shades with details on them, I did draperies, I did chairs.

At the age of 5 I did a drawing of a card game of my father and I. I put about four guys or five guys around a table and did every leg on the chairs. I did their feet underneath, so I got a lot of the early [illegible] and er so all [illegible] school I did [illegible] everybody else [illegible] saw does I [illegible] illustra- [illegible] holidays, [illegible] George [illegible] birthday

We'd like to start virtually from the beginning as to how you became involved in the art side of things, the whole administrative side.

Oh. Sure. O K um yeah, I mean er, you mean starting really basic like er

Yeah just you know even going back [illegible] school if that [illegible] where it all sor[illegible]

I mean I [illegible] like from [illegible] lot of ki[illegible]

drew constantly as soon as somebody tells you how great it looks like everybody else they tell you it looks good and you keep drawing, so I did those drawings I remember when I was 5 I d[illegible] drawing [illegible]

HEY, MAXWELL. DONE ALREADY?

I DON'T THINK THIS NEEDS TO GO ANY FURTHER.

HE'S OBVIOUSLY NOT A GANG MEMBER LIKE YOU ASSUMED. HE'S A GOOD GUY-- TRYING TO CLEAN UP ONE OF THE WORST NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE COUNTRY.

NOT DOING A BAD JOB, EITHER...CRIME'S DOWN 50% IN BED-STUY SINCE HE SHOWED UP, OVERALL GANG MEMBERSHIP'S DOWN, DRUG DEALERS BEING CHASED OFF THE STREETS...

YEAH, WASHINGTON'S CLEAN. BUT THE SYMBIOTES--

BESIDES, YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ON THESE SPECIFIC SYMBIOTES, EITHER.

IN FACT, THEY WERE ORIGINALLY MELDED WITH HUMANS WHO WERE TRYING TO BRING VENOM TO JUSTICE... JUST LIKE WE USED TO.

FACE IT, COUNSEL...

...IT'S TIME TO DROP THE CHARGES.

ARE A PART OF HIM NOW. YOU CAN'T TRY THEM WITHOUT TRYING HIM, TOO.

AND YOU CAN'T TRY WASHINGTON, BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON HIM.

BUT--

Hunted

hounded

persecuted

judged

imprisoned

tortured

torn

PAIN

SCOTT...?

IT'S ME... CURTIS ELKINS... MAN...

...CAN YOU... HEAR ME...?

WE'RE GONNA...

--SET YOU FREE, AND HAVE A LITTLE TALK.

OKAY?

I'M COMING IN NOW...

Guardsman

TORTURER

MURDERER!

SHLUKK

HUURGH

I KNEW IT!

THE FREAKIN' THING'S ON HIM AGAIN!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

DON'T RISK A SHOT THAT MIGHT HURT SENTRY!

NO! STOP IT!

CURTIS WAS A FRIEND OF MINE-- THESE GUYS HAVE REALIZED THEIR MISTAKE!

ONLY MISTAKE WAS COMING TOO CLOSE TO HYBRID!

SCOTT, DON'T DO THIS!

IF YOU'VE GOT ANY CONTROL OVER THOSE THINGS, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP!

THE CHARGES WERE DROPPED, WE WERE GONNA LET YOU GO--

SHRAAAK SHRAAK

SHRAAAK

NOOO!

AAAGH

URRGHH!

UNNH!

SHRAAAK

EAT THIS, YOU SYMBIOTE MOTHER--!

RAMSHOT, DON'T--

AAARGH!

KRUPOOM

CAN'T CONTROL THEM--IT'S LIKE THE SEPARATION PROCESS HAS DRIVEN THEM TO TOTAL PSYCHOSIS!

SHLIK SHLIK SHLIK

THUP THUP THUP SHLIPSH

SHLUURK

THAT AIN'T HAPPENING--

WHOA--ALMOST FORGOT THOSE THINGS ARE ALIVE!

GET OFF, YOU LITTLE $#*%S-- GET OFF!

OUTFLANK HIM, JURORS!

HE CAN'T KEEP SENTRY BETWEEN HIMSELF AND ALL OF US!

WYSPER-- TAKE YOUR SHOT!

WITH PLEA-SURE!

SHRAAAAK

NYAAHR

SHRAAK

AHHHR

KEEP 'IM BUSY, GUYS!

I'M GOIN' IN AFTER THE BOSS-MAN!

WAY TO BE, JURORS!

SOON AS I FINISH OFF THESE LITTLE GUMMY BEARS, I'LL HELP YOU KICK THAT--

SHRAAAK

HEY--MY GUN!

IT'S MOVIN' ALL BY ITSEL--

KRAWK

WHUNH!

FWOOKAH

RAMSHOT? WHAT THE #*%% HAPP--

URNNH!

SHRAAK

KISSH

TAP

WHA--

WHAT'S GOING ON?! LOSING ALTITUDE-- ARMOR FEELS LIKE IT WEIGHS--

--ABOUT TEN TONS!

THRUNK

WHAT THE--?!

WHO ARE YOU LOSERS?

WHAT THE #*9% ARE YOU DOING?!

WE'RE PUTTING AN *END* TO THIS LITTLE *KIDNAPPING*, RIGHT *NOW*!

IT'S *OKAY*, SCOTT--NO ONE'S GOING TO *HURT* YOU *ANYMORE*!

GRAWWL

NO, VANCE... *NO*!

I'M THE ONE WHO NEEDS TO BE *STOPPED*--BEFORE MY SYMBIOTES AND I *KILL* THIS MAN!

NEXT: SOUL SURVIVOR!